notes, though there was nothing worth noting unless she too was writing a book. Adam introduced her as the volunteer in the kitchen program. The kitchen program was Frederick (not Fred) peeling potatoes or Betty wheeling them in from Adam's car.

I thought she was using the House as a dodge. It enabled her to satisfy the work requirements for the welfare that was supporting herself, her children and maybe even her husband. She had probably described it as a valuable training experience. She had also enrolled in a fake school called "Lincoln College." The government paid her tuition.

She was candid about her dodges, even indignant. She had been a Marxist back in Italy. Now she looked back with nostalgia on the days of Victor Emanuel. Even Mussolini. She said sometimes that was what you needed. A strong man in charge. She didn't understand why there was no Canadian patriotism. Once, imitating some French author I'd been reading, I blurted out that I thought Canada was a shit-house. She looked shocked. That was for Adam, who was present. I was only paraphrasing Celine.

I explained that I thought this country wasted its human resources. She agreed with me there. I knew she would. She had been some kind of doctor back in Rome. I thought of telling her that I was a doctor too. I had a PhD. in English from the University of Montage. I had a B.A. and an M.A. from our local University of Titz. I unplugged